



Don't Read This Story



[pain](#) [destruction](#) [death](#)

156 19 16

Chapter 1 by intellikat

Don't read this story. At the beginning here it just seems like a joke. Another attempt to get a story written online. But I tell you, the eighth chapter is a Blair Witch. A Crying Game. A Sinister. You won't see it coming. You'll despise yourself for reading it when you do. Please stop now. Don't read this story.

Chapter 2 by Rinat Menyashev



Don't write this story. At the beginning here it just seems like a joke. Another attempt to prove for yourself you can write and be fun. But in most cases you are not. And you will understand it when you see eight chapter. I tell you don't read the following chapters and don't write drafts. Especially for this story.

Go for a walk, call your parents, have a beer but stop thinking about this story. If you don't listen to me, you'll be afraid of the computer you read the story from.

Chapter 3 by intellikat



Don't vote for this draft. At first glance, it seems like a clever continuation of what might

actually be something worth reading. Another extension of a now familiar form for the growing story. But it is not.

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In the next chapter you will notice something odd, but you won't think anything of it at first. Only in looking back will you recognise its wicked purpose. Another four chapters later and you will be screaming to return to this point. Regretting your decision to vote and therefore follow this story. You will remember my words then.

Don't continue this story.

Chapter 4 by intellikat



The story began like every other, but strangely only in chapter 4. the previous chapters were typical of Story Wars... alot of stuff and nonsense. Mildly entertaining, but going nowhere, like most relationships in this town.

Let me introduce myself. My name is Knee Shoes. I've lived here my whole life. I'll probably die here.

I decided to write my first chapter for Story Wars back in January of 2015. It wasn't much. The title was "A Story", and then I wrote "The man was..." and hit enter. I was just testing out the site, but somebody took my story a bit too seriously. A week later I logged in and saw that the story had advanced.

The man was...

...going to be punished for writing such a lazy story.

The new chapter added.

Chapter 5 by intellikat



I chuckled at first. But then something kind of struck me. Why did the writer of the second draft feel the need to be so rude? I was just testing out the site. It was my first draft-- no big deal. I looked at the username of the writer: foxy pants.

"Okay, foxy pants," I thought, and moused down to the 'Write a draft for chapter 3' white box, my fingers readying themselves.

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"He was a middle-aged air conditioner salesman, he had yet to be successful as an aspiring writer, though god knows he had tried in his adult life to do so. Living in a small town, he was the only one from his high school and then community college who seemed

motivated to make something of his life. The online writing courses he was now taking in the evenings after his shift at Walmart were enough to fuel his dream, but there were certainly times when it felt as if it were to be easily snuffed out.

When he had heard on a writer's forum about the new website starting up, he had hopped on the link immediately and sailed on over. It was a site dedicated to discovering new writing talent, and offered real incentives such as online and print publishing opportunities as well as financial awards and the opportunity for editors to find one's work. The writing was based around ever changing themes, and the man scrolled through a list to find one that was intriguing to him. If he could get seen this way... well, perhaps things would change.

The theme he chose was 'The Infinite.' He began to write:

[I remember, when I was a child, I used to lie awake at night dreaming on the infinite. In that place between waking and sleep I imagining what the idea of infinity... world without end... might be. For some reason, the idea wholly terrified me. It was as if, as my mind neared the concept, it reeled back in horror and I was left with a frightening sensation. Strange. As if the concept was beyond my childish mind. These days, I cannot hold the concept with that same awe. Perhaps my mind has grown dull and less full of wonder.

When I was 14 years old, I encountered an infinite mirror in the travelling fair in my town. The two mirrors faced one another, and I found myself alone staring into that abyss on on chill, Autumn night. I remember the same sense of awe and even terror as I saw reflections of myself disappear into the distance. My mind again could not grasp this strange reality, and yet I could not tear myself away from the sight.

Later, as a young man, I immersed myself in writing. I found myself one night between that place of waking and sleep once again, and in it I fell upon the strangest of ideas. What would it be to write myself into infinity? To write story within story until there was no discernible end to the narrative? No end... and yet continual and deepening story. Would it even be possible? Is there a story I could write and never end? Is there a way this story could be continued on even past my

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'You are my chosen Son, in whom I am well-pleased. All truth shall be revealed to you for you have knocked and shall receive. The gates of heaven and hell will open unto you, and ye shall slumber and yet not sleep. This is my promise to you.'

I pulled back from these thoughts, as if dropping into a dark well and sat up in bed.

Was it possible to touch upon the secrets of God and the infinite through such mindfulness? Such meditation? Was this how all prophets and mystics of old had understood their own lives in relationship to the sacred and infinite? To God or the gods?]

The man stopped typing and clicked on the 'Create draft' button which would submit his short chapter to the website for judgment. He hopped into bed, satisfied, and was soon fast asleep. In the morning he woke and quickly sprang to his computer where he read the email sitting in his inbox.

'Dear Sir. Thank you for submitting a draft to Open Story, the website committed to discovering and cultivating new writing talent. We regret to inform you that your story is not within the character limit as stated and for this reason is rejected.'

The man leaned back, deflated. Had he bothered to check the character limit of the piece... he would not be in the place now. 'How stupid of me,' he thought. 'How lazy.'

He knew know that he would be unable to submit another draft to the site for one month. It was the punishment imposed by the website's creators."

I clicked the "Create draft" button on Story Wars and leaned back. I wondered what foxypants would thing of this draft. Not so lazy now, was it? It wasn't long before I received a response.

Chapter 6 by Caleb



"Sometimes to win a draft all you have to do is be the lesser of two evils."

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Chapter 7 by Intellikat

Intellikat slammed his paw down on the single line entry from Caleb had taken the chapter. And after Intellikat had spent 40 minutes before calnap time the

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night before writing an incredible draft that would have pushed the story closer toward an actually fully-realised story arc and full completion by chapter 8! Now, the thing was in desperate need of help. I mean, it was a good line Caleb had written, but he should have also tried to continue the story development, right? As it stood, now the writer of chapter 7 would have to work extra hard to back up the claims of the previous chapters as well as somehow make the title fit. Both goals were only achieved by about 12% of Story Wars stories, by the kat's estimation.

Intellikat stretched in his rattan chair and leaned back into his small 2-in-1 tablet running Win 8 and wondered if Microsoft would be inviting him soon to upgrade to Win 10. Curse this Windows 8, he thought to himself. Then he reread the story.

As he read he began to lose himself in the plotline. Who was the author of the story? Himself? Rinat? Caleb? Kneeshoes?? The character Kneeshoes had written into HIS story? Or was it the author that Kneeshoes had written into HIS story? And who was writing the chapter now? Was it Intellikat? Or was Intellikat just the avatar... the creation of some other author? This was getting more complicated than Inception, which intellikat had finally gotten around to downloading illegally a week or so before.

Suddenly, a chat bubble popped up on his screen. It was Joakim, the founder of Story Wars.

"Hey intellikat."

"Wats up Joakim?"

"I'm just drafting an email now but I saw you were online so I thought I'd tell you first. Story wars is shutting down."

"What???? Why? Is it funding?"

"No. No, money's fine. It's some kind of virus or something. Maybe someone hacked the code? They don't know yet. The engineers are trying to figure out what went wrong"

"That's crazy. Who would do that." See more of Story Wars

"Well, sad as it seems, the" [Login](#) or [Create new account](#) [Help](#)

"Who?"

"Apparently, someone has written a story that self-replicates. It seems to spawn three new stories which then spawn three, etc etc. It's some kind of infinite story. We're bogged down in all these new stories of just one chapter that never get continued. They endlessly replicate and crash the system. If we could find the original story and somehow delete it... keep anyone from ever reading it again, we could then clear out all the spawns. But we don't know where it is."

Intellikat gulped.

"Joakim. I think I know the story. I'm in it right now. We're both in it?"

"What?"

"You must not be the real Joakim, and I must not be the real intellikat. We are just stories, man. Someone else is writing us right now."

"What? That means someone has to end this story in the seventh chapter! It has to simply sit there, indefinitely! Chapter 8 must never be written! If two people add a draft to Chapter 8, it will be considered finished, and the malicious code will be permanently embedded in the system! If that happens, from that point onward, Story Wars will be cursed with crappy drafts... single chapters written and languishing forever in a state of incompleteness... hundreds, then thousands, then millions of them!"

"I understand, Joakim. There's only one thing that can be done now, and then we can only hope and pray it works."

Intellikat leaned back and typed in the next chapter of the story and hit the submit button. He crossed his paws.

It read the following:

Don't end this story. Until now, it has seemed fairly innocuous. Another experimental story along the line of others here. But chapters are coded characters which are actually rewriting the story. It's a backdoor for the programmers. And you must not do it.

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CHAPTER 8. FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT IS GOOD, LET THIS STORY DIE HERE IN CHAPTER 7. IN LIMBO.

If this story reaches an ending in Chapter 8, JOAKIM WILL DIE.

...

Don't ask me how, I can't explain it all now.

But please trust me.

THIS STORY MUST END HERE.

Please.

Chapter 8 by Jacob



So Please do read this story!

the end

Write a comment...



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